Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyse, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*

King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were neuer better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

King. Sir, you are Musicks master.

Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)

King. Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most vertuous Princesse.

King. And shee's faire too, is she not?

Per. As a faire day in Summer: wondrous faire.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

Per. I am vnworthy to be her schoole-master.

King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's heere, a letter, that she loues the Knight of *Tyre*?
Tis the Kings subtilty to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That neuer aimde so hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

King. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.

Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought

Of mine leuy offence; nor
Yet commence, a deed mi
Or your displeasure.

King. Traitor, thou lyes

Per. Traitor?

King. I, traitor.

Per. Euen in his throate
That cals me traitor, I retu

King. Now by the God

Per. My actions are as
That neuer relisht of a ba
I came vnto your Court f
And not to be a Rebell to
And he that otherwise acc
This sword shall prooue,

King. No? here comes

Enter

Per. Then as you are as
Resolue your angry father
Did ere solicite, or my han
To any syllable that made

Thai. Why sir, if you ha
At that would make me g

King. Yea mistris, are y
I am glad of it with all my
Ile tame you, Ile bring yo
Will you, not hauing my
Bestow your loue and you
Vpon a stranger? who for
May be (nor can I thinke
As great in blood as I my
Therefore heare you mistr
Your will to mine; and y
Either be rul'd by me, or
Man and wife; nay, come
And lips must seale it too

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH